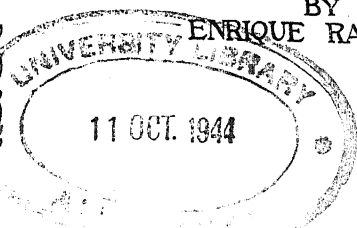


# MORE HOMAGE TO BROWNING

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
ENRIQUE RAMÍREZ



JOHN RICHTER, PUBLISHER  
WACO, TEXAS

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IN RECOGNITION OF THE  
50th ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE PASSING OF  
ROBERT BROWNING  
(December 12, 1889)

## PREFACE

Some years ago, Miss Aleph Turner (now Mrs. E. S. Carter of Wichita Falls, Texas) under my direction brought together a most worthwhile book of **HOMAGE TO ROBERT BROWNING** in the form of poems. This work was most favorably received and although two thousand copies were issued, it has long been "out of print".

Of the book, Sir Frederic Kenyon, then director of the British Museum wrote me in most complimentary terms saying he wished Browning could have seen it for he was sure Browning would have enjoyed it very much.

Twenty years have passed and another of my students has interested himself in the subject. Mr. John Richter, capable and appreciative, has gone over the material which I have accumulated and he has selected what he considers the best and I have encouraged his publishing of these selections.

With an eye keen for technical effects, he has selected handsome paper, demanded the finest of typesetting and arrangement—thus bringing out a deluxe edition.

I commend his work cordially as a lasting addition to Browningiana. My only regret is that he has felt it would add prestige to the publication to have it a limited edition—for there will be only five hundred copies printed, and I am sure it would take many more to satisfy the demand.

All lovers of Browning will be indebted to Mr. Richter for his careful selection and the pains he has taken to allow others to share his pleasure in bringing together this "**NEW HOMAGE TO ROBERT BROWNING.**"

My best wishes go with this book.

A. JOSEPH ARMSTRONG.

MORE HOMAGE  
TO BROWNING

TO ROBERT BROWNING



*Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley*

Soul, clear-eyed to front the things that are,  
So clear to see the things that ought to be,  
We humbly bring our offerings to thee,  
Trusting our verse will not the lesson mar  
Sure-learned from thee, that nothing can debar  
The path of him who sets his faith to see  
That service is the surest liberty,  
And holds it firm to be his guiding star;  
We come as oft to seek again thy light  
Shining across the worldly welter wide,  
Ally our hearts with the Eternal Right,  
Which stamps with littleness all selfish pride;  
O may our vision blend with love and might,  
In thy divine serenity abide.

## TREASURE



*Judge Burton*

SLIBDUED light stealing  
Softly through stained glass

Windows.  
Rare volumes ranged  
Along the walls!  
Pillowed in velvet  
A bronze cast,  
And marble busts  
In silent watch.  
A haunting portrait  
With contemplative gaze:  
Garbed in oriental splendor  
Centuries glide  
Along the floor.  
On these I fondly gaze,  
But in my soul  
A priceless heritage—  
The spirit of  
Robert Browning.

## IN MEMORIAM



*Anonymous*

ANOTHER soul is silent; and we phrase  
The silence death; the coffin drape with pall,  
God is beyond all, and the end of all:  
His ampler service shuts the dead from gaze.  
The seer passeth; but his vision stays,  
Where man, so great in aim, in act so small,  
Nor wholly godlike seems nor wholly thrall,  
Whom lower, higher loves may sink or raise.  
One race are we; one hope endures till death;  
One infinite glory with us tarrieth;  
For heaven is mingled with our earth-bound lives  
Shining about us dimly. He who strives  
To break the clouds and give man purer breath,  
Though dead, is deathless; his high thought survives.

As one who hath all Heaven in his hold,  
He gave with open hand, nor poorer grew;  
His pearls from the exhaustless deep he drew,  
And loved the search more than the gain untold.  
A Heaven-lit soul hath part in God's domain;  
There roams at large in child-like wonderment  
And, child-like, joys in all things; there, unspent  
Garners the holy fruit, and learns a strain  
That wakes to strife our coward heart again;  
So lived he lavishing and yet unspent.

We gave imperial burial to the dead  
Yet is his truest monument enshrined  
In the majestic Minister of his mind,  
Buttressed towards Heaven, vaulted overhead  
With massive Truth, the wondrous carving spread  
As though no walls the lavish thought could bind  
Fancy's rich tracery thro' the windows twined,  
And over all the light of Heaven shed.



Thus hath the Master-builder nobly wrought,  
Hath dowered the earth with his illumined spires;  
Hath set within our gaze the holy fires  
Lit on the altar of his high-arched thought:  
Hath to a songless world his anthem brought,  
And kindled in our hearts his high desires.

TO ROBERT BROWNING



*Anonymous*

HIS is the day that saw thy great heart still'd,  
Thou deathless Singer! Whose intense clear song  
Burns like a flame; whose eagle thought is strong  
To soar to full sunn'd heights, divinely thrill'd  
By Light's pure essence. We, who watched thee build,  
With quick, electric touch, thy living throng  
Of MEN AND WOMEN, do thee no such wrong  
As call thee dead, whose life is but fulfill'd.

For here, a while, two Stars, that glow'd as one  
In our dull firmament, shone side by side:  
And first the gentler radiance paled and died  
Back to its Heaven; and then thy course was run,  
Thou Orb of fire: so Heaven and Earth did kiss,  
And Death grew Life again in Light's intensest bliss.

## SEQUENCE



*Anonymous*

REVIVED in every sun that sleeps to rise,  
Our thanks, Great Bard, are few but deeply felt.  
Bearing Tell's own stamp, your arrowed verse flies  
Even-winged to the fruit in which has dwelt  
Remotest seeds of God and good. The soil  
Trembles and awakes; the soul that sleeps  
Begins to grow, and soon knows strength for toil,  
Rendering to its sire again from steep  
Of gratitude the praise it justly owes.  
When life's mirage shall light my eyes in vain,  
Not then will I forget the half youth shows;  
In your own life I'll see the truth you train  
Nature's child to see, and even more;  
God puts life after death, and death before.

TO ROBERT BROWNING



*Anonymous*

O you see around the snow-white throne  
The souls of those who have found their quest,  
Finding joy in peace and quiet and rest,  
Each searching for himself alone  
The pleasures of his heavenly home  
And living as God's honored guest!

But look, one is poised above the rest  
Climbing on toward Heaven's dome  
Hand in hand with his lover  
Struggling onward, upward, still  
With the bearing of a spirit king  
Reaching for greater heights above  
Driven by an immortal will—  
The striving soul of Robert Browning.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



*Fred Rapheal Allen*

IN storied Florence is a noble tomb,  
Where lies a woman, called Elizabeth.  
Long years ago she gave her harp to death—  
Long since she left her Casa Guidi room.  
I hear an echo from th' Italian gloom;  
Lo, 'tis the voice I oft have yearned to hear!  
A gentle form steals lightly from her bier  
And now I know the grave of fabled doom!  
'Tis thou—Madonna of the poet's Heaven!  
Thou Joan of Song who heard St. Micheal's voice  
Thou Moon of Splendour in the lyric sky!  
O take each note, thy deathless harp has given;  
I make thy poet's dreams my lasting choice;  
I hear thy singing—thou canst never die!

AFTER READING "PARACELSUS"



*Anonymous*

shall arrive," he said "in His good time.  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
God guides me and the bird." O faith sublime  
Of him who dares aspire nor feel dismay  
To learn the workings of the Master Mind,  
To climb transcendent heights nor look behind,  
To win the secret of the Universe.  
'Tis God who calls us to aspire—to KNOW;  
For ignorance is the great human curse.  
Knowledge is God-like: though the way I go  
I know not. By what crooked paths or plain  
The circuit leads, the toil will not be vain  
That brings me onward to the unseen goal.  
Error decays but knowledge shall survive.  
Clear is the call. "I go to prove my soul.  
In some time—His good time—I shall arrive."

ROBERT BROWNING



*Margaret Armour*

VOICE, in our ears that made music so long,  
How shall we mourn thee?  
Death, to a region of mightier song,  
Singing hath borne thee.

Joy of the earth, with its tangle and pain  
In and out woven,  
Life and its pageantry, splendour and stain,  
Longings unproven—

These were thy song, now a wind swaying, soft,  
Roses asunder;  
Wilder anon than the tempest aloft,  
Pealing in thunder.

Stars in Faith's firmament, bright once, but now  
Dim grown, and dimmer—  
Honour to thee, that undaunted didst thou  
Follow their glimmer!

Steadfast pursuing through bloom and through blight,  
Trust and despairing,  
Evermore upward and on was thy flight,  
Further still faring.

When shall another soul sojourn as near  
God and His glory?  
When such a singer pass, singing as clear  
Man and his story?

Yet, if at last to thy realms of desire,  
God's hands have borne thee,  
We who, faint following, after aspire—  
How should we mourn thee!

TO BROWNING

"upon rereading Rabbi Ben Ezra"

B. R. Bulkeley



ROW old along with thee? That were the way  
To learn life's meaning and its secret find,  
Reach toward the vision of what God designed  
For life's fulfilment: to this end we pray  
Our souls may list to what thy numbers say,  
Covet the guidance of thy spirit kind  
And mount to higher reaches of the mind,  
And bless thee, as we do thy natal day.  
So may life's richness touch our youth or age,  
The while we yearn for heights whence we may see  
Sure tokens of its pith and quality:  
So grateful hearts in thee find heritage,  
In larger service joyfully engage  
And in thy praise, grow old along with thee.



ROBERT BROWNING



*Luella Conger Boynton*

BECAUSE you gave us much we bring our hearts  
In truest gratitude. You have been friend  
To every mood; you played a hundred parts  
That you might share your strength unto the end,  
Then meet the fog with courage, lifted head.  
You sing with lovers, making love a shrine  
For purer gifts; your wanderer is led,  
Touching your hand, so manfully sublime.

And yet we know we honor more than you;  
The lumbent flame that gave your spirit light  
Is fire that burns eternal. You were true  
Defender of its radiance, and night  
Shall never be as dark nor ways as long  
Since you held high the flaming torch of song.

TO BROWNING

"upon rereading ABT VOLGER"



B. R. Bulkeley

O N mighty pinions thou dost wing thy flight  
Into the empyrean of high thought;  
And happy they who led by thee have caught  
Fresh intimations of th' eternal right,  
Which thou art highly summoned to indite:  
So steadying our grasp upon the Ought  
Amidst a busy world where life is wrought,  
We pause before thine eagle-visioned sight.  
Help us to courage which confronts the wrong  
With faith that finds a deeper good to be;  
We feel the lift and triumph of thy song  
And learn how discord turns to harmony:  
We grateful yearn thy message to prolong  
In lives made stronger as they turn to thee.

## THE YEAR-LONG SINGER



*Richard Burton*

MAY is a blithesome month, and much of song  
Ripples among bird bowers, down greasy ways  
When May-warmth mellow till June comes along  
To swell the airy ardors of such days.

But since our bard was born May-sights among  
And heard each bird in Camberwell make tune  
On riant mornings or when eve-lights hung  
A glory in the west, May cries to June:

"O, Time-of-singing, he came forth from me,  
Yet give him I to you, that you may give  
Him and his song, a gift superb and free,  
To all the souls that by such Beauty live.

"Let him have room to sing the round year through:  
All life was his, each turn of human Fate  
And every heart's desire he subtly knew,  
Master of men and image of man's estate" . . . .

So, every month our Browning gives us hail:  
No mere fair-weather singer, but a voice  
Like to a trumpet borne upon a gale,  
Spring, autumn, winter, bidding us rejoice.

ROBERT BROWNING



*Flora Warren Brown*

HE loved the golden hour of Life's high day;  
He found bright flowers in the darkened place,  
And saw within each blossom God's own face,  
Shining in copse, where scented rays of sun at play,—  
Made dreams of them that Time shall not efface,—  
Dreams grown to creeds of comfort and of grace,  
That soul of man may read with Hope alway.

He loved Life's noon: what of the night,—the close  
Of glorious day, with all its gifts of light?  
Could darkness lead him to where earth's garlands are?  
He breathed incense from heart of living rose,—  
From soul of lilies dying, while the night  
Taught him the glory of God's sunset star!

R. B.



R. Bulwer-Lytton

noble heart! noble mind! live,  
Our leader, and king of us all!  
Take the love which we languish to give;  
Give the love without which we must fall.

You . . brave shoulders of Atlas, just strong enough  
To bear up a world much in want of it!  
You . . the wise heart that's probed our life long enough  
To pardon the nonsense and cant of it!

Brows full of Olympian thunder,  
Which only a god can wield:  
And a glance like the lightening 'sunder,  
Which scarcely a god can shield:\*

An eye that looks straight on to God:  
And a tongue that can baffle the Devil:  
A wit that walks forth silver-shod,  
And sets a fair front against evil.

When you speak—as you speak—I think Paul  
At Athens, posterity teaching,  
Said such words, thought such thoughts, just let fall  
Such grand language as yours, in his preaching.

Yet bear with us! think for us! speak for us!  
There is none we can honour above you.  
When you think, our own thoughts are too weak for us.  
When you speak, we are silent—and love you.

You are strong: we are weak: and the jostle  
Of life seems to bruise us too much:  
But you, O belov'd, O Apostle:  
Leave healing behind in your touch.

Light and warmth! Every look of you piling  
    Its own magnificent gladness:  
But he that would probe your wise smiling  
    Must have probed at the sources of sadness.

For o'er depth below depth of your being  
    Unfathom'd the soul of you sleeps:  
And your great smile is still to all seeing  
    A rainbow that arches the deeps.

Ah that strength! ah that power! Yet so pliant!  
    You're so great we could never come near you.  
Were it not that the child with the giant  
    Is mixt, and we honour,—not fear you.

O but for old times for one moment!  
    How we'd hymn you, and crown you, and bring you  
Thro' the Forum with praising and comment,  
    Stepping proud o'er the flowers we'd flung you!

We'd die for you, gladly, if need were:  
    And gladly we'd live, while we might, for you:  
We'd follow wherever your heed were.  
    Believe in you, hope for you, fight for you!

These are words now! And yet—O yet live  
    Our leader and king of us all!  
Take the love which is all we can give:  
    Take large meanings for deeds that are small!

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\* In the original manuscript this verse was scratched through and evidently was meant to be omitted, thus making accurate transcription impossible.

ROBERT BROWNING



*May Smith Dean*

REVERENTLY scan we the dower  
Of talents, God-given to man  
Browning's reflection of power,  
Expressing Divinity's plan,  
Raises our hope that each heart will aspire  
To scatter earth-mists, with Promethean fire.

Browning! Defender of man's high endeavor  
Refuter of failure, if too high the goal,  
Optimist true, trusting God's purpose ever,  
We seek thy brave words for refreshment of soul.  
Now we rejoice that two earth-arcs, once broken,  
In Heaven's completeness make one perfect round;\*  
Nike with laurel hath crowned thee and spoken:  
"Great poet! Thy place with Immortals is found."

\*E. B. B. died 1861.

R. B. died 1889.

BROWNING



*J. Westby Earnshaw*

BARD of the Piercing Eye!  
Thy vision lifts the gathering haze  
That blurs and glooms the far-past days,  
Restaging deeds that dormant lie  
In scenes our duller souls descry  
As vivid to thy piercing eye.

Bard of Faith's Certitude!  
Above the doubts and strife that rage  
In this our said uncertain age,  
Serene o'er controversial feud,  
In temple vast and golden-hued,  
Thou dwellest by faith's certitude.

Bard of the Commonplace!  
Thou crownedst earth's uncrowned kings;  
Thou hymn'd'st the lilt of little things;  
Revealing by thy poet grace  
The unsung glories of our race,—  
The beauty of the commonplace.

Bard of Love's Ardent Flame!—  
Which glowed in thee so pure and bright  
That by thy holy inner light  
Thou could'st depict with truest aim  
In life of every range and name  
The flashes of the ardent flame.

Bard of Abounding Life!  
Thy brimming cup of health and power  
O'erflowed in spilt whose ample dower,  
With quickening inspiration rife,  
Endues us for the noble strife  
To realize the abounding life.



Bard—ay—but likewise—Man!

Thou lived'st the things thy verses sang;

Thy life with splendid epic rang;—

Rough-hewn and naive in its plan,

Yet grandly-structured: So thy clan

Rever thee, bard, and love thee, man.

TO BROWNING



*James Calvin Hooper*

W<sup>H</sup>Y advent to earth the boon of destiny,  
To make our hearts elate;  
And 'twas golden Heaven's highest decree  
To give a soul so great.

The world is blessed by having cradled thee,  
And when thy dulcet voice  
With lyric themes and loving philosophy  
Needed, to make us rejoice.

Oh, if I could have seen thee, Browning!  
Had seen thy pious eyes;  
With my own hands assisted in crowning  
Thy brow with love's prize!

For thou a poet most noble and grand;  
By thy works thou'rt exalt.  
If we cannot thy wisdom understand,  
And thy genius—whose fault?

Oft we're envious and sometimes denounce  
Things we comprehend not,—  
While our acts may get a blistering trounce,  
Our labor's fruit forgot.

Blithely thou dost sing,—music is thy name,  
Browning! That befodded soul,—  
Which long since transcended temporal fame,  
Such as mortals extol.

## THE BROWNINGS



*Leon Huhner*

TWO souls they were, that soared on magic wings,  
To catch the music of the heavenly choir;  
Hers was the love-note which the sky-lark sings,  
And his, the mystic note of heart's desire.  
He saw life's vision with its boundless span,  
And sought to tell what words can scarce express,  
The hidden meaning of God's mighty plan,  
The heart's ambition and the soul's distress.  
His thoughts were noble in their broad appeal,  
And through his genius, with its mighty line,  
He would in veiled, mysterious notes reveal  
The constant struggle toward the love divine,  
While both, with blended song, in harmony  
Proclaimed to man "The best is yet to be."

MY FIRST THOUGHT ON HEARING OF  
BROWNING'S DEATH



*Julia Ward Howe*

CARVE ye two pillows of marble stone  
Where Westminster arches stand lofty and lone.  
Trace on them two garlands of laurel fair,  
And where wedded sovereigns sculptured are,  
Make a bed in the holiest aisle,  
Where storied windows may glow and smile,  
And anthems sing for the Royal Dead,  
Sovereigns of song, forever wed.

Fruitful of life were those nuptials rare;  
A long train follows the kingly pair,  
Over the continent, over the seas,  
Far as sunrise can follow the breeze,  
Far as sunlight in the sky  
Makes human hearts leap glad and high.  
Spirits of women, spirits of men,  
Spirits in joy and spirits in pain,  
Whether for merriment, music, or dole,  
Follow the tread of each royal soul.

Open your gates, Westminster high!  
Where should the minstrel sovereigns lie?  
Walk at their funeral, woman lone,  
They have thrilled at your grief and moan.  
Wits of all ages, counsellors, kings!  
Your thoughts of them were familiar things.  
Bane of men's evilness, virtue sublime,  
Beauties of childhood, gathered in rhyme,  
With this sad pageant their ministry ends.  
These were your guardians, those were your friends!  
Who shall precede you with dutiful feet?  
Who shall intone you for your melodies sweet?  
No one inherits your magical song

That to all ages, all climes doth belong.  
Great ones salute you from out the dim past,  
Bards of the centuries, fashioned to last.  
Homer and Dante and Shakespeare may say:  
Souls of our temper are with us today.

(N. B. These lines were scrawled, almost illegibly, in the pullman, on my way, I think, to San Fresno, California. Hearing that Browning had died in Venice, the following lines came to me, and were scribbled in like manner, before seeing any account of the procession which they in manner prefigure.)

Methought I saw our poet's funeral pass  
Like a mysterious vision in a glass.  
While smiled on him the bright Venetian day,  
And silence waited on the bargeman's oar,  
Listening for glorious song that comes no more.

The Ancient palaces so primly white,  
Did seem to have their sorrow in the sight;  
While "in the balcony" lovers and Queen  
Persist in acting out their mimic scene,  
Scarce heeding when the poet's dust floats by,  
Except to say: "Die thou—we need not die."  
The barks fly past, for pleasure, profit, sin,  
Urged by some eager hand their soul to win.  
For haste thy rowers' muscles are not strained,  
No need to hurry not—thou hast attained.  
But in thy track a flight of loosened doves,  
Other than those thy Venice feeds and loves,  
Make plaintive music with their tender call.  
Who are ye then, ye creatures slight and small?  
What place in this sad festival have ye?  
"We're the song-spirits that his verse did free.  
The earth shall hide his dust, for which you grieve,  
But in his song a better earth shall live."

TO BROWNING



*Patricia Drake*

H, kingly poet, man of mighty heart,  
Who never doubted that the clouds would break,  
Who tore the veil of fearful doubt apart,  
and called on sluggish spirits to awake,  
And bade them hear God's voice and heed it well—  
Who glorified age as a splendid crown,  
Cried that death was a paeon, not a knell,  
And bade souls strive, now ever be cast down!

See thy reward, oh Browning: trembling youth  
Fervently echoes Paracelsus's cry,  
"I go to prove my soul!—In God's good time!"  
Loves joyous living, yet fears not to die,—  
Trusts ever, with a faith strong and sublime,  
And seeks the peerless majesty of truth!

BROWNING AND BAYLOR



*Judd Mortimer Lewis*

HERE to thy spirit we are dedicate.  
Our longings, and our aspirations high,  
Flights which, with thy strength, we shall dare to try.  
The hopes we have; the heart to toil and wait,  
Building our faith till faith shall be a trait.  
As young birds preen their wings ere they can fly,  
And scan far heights, glad they are far and high,  
We lift our eyes glad for the heights the great  
Have climbed to set a mark against the blue—  
A high, clean life-mark—calling, more and more,  
“Keep thy ideals! To thine own-self be true!  
Climb thou as high as man hath climbed before!”

Baylor and Browning—inspiration high  
To lift high spires into the glowing sky.

TO ROBERT BROWNING

"A Japanese Appreciation"



*Yone Noguchi*

YOU are a smoking-room story-teller of the pageant  
of life seen by senses,  
Your gusto in speech turns your art into obscurity,  
Again from the obscurity into a valedictory:  
You are a provincialism endorsed by eccentric pride.  
You are sometimes riotous to escape from anarchism.  
Your great thirst for expression makes you a soul-wounding romancer,  
You often play the mystagogue, and appear cruel.  
You are a glutton of colorful adventures.  
You are a troubadour serenading between the stars and Life,  
Your love song on a guitar torments us even physically;  
You are a realist who under the darkness purifies himself into the  
light of optimism;  
You are a griffin wildly dancing on human laughter.



## BROWNING IN TEXAS

*"In memory of a happy visit to Baylor University, with  
her unparalleled collection of Browning memorabilia."*



*Edwin Markham*

BROWNING, your soul ranged over lands and seas,  
Seeking the import of this march of man:  
You were at home with folk of all degrees,  
From Paracelsus down to Calaban.  
But did you ever in your circling sweep  
Behold this young dominion of mankind,  
Which for all coming centuries will keep  
Tokens and trophies of your Orphic mind?  
  
Texas! Did that name whisper in your brain  
When you were searching life with peering eyes?  
Ah, she is spacious as your song's domain;  
And like it, she is archt with starry skies.  
Being great herself—wind-thrilled from every pole—  
She folds in her own the greatness of your soul.

ROBERT BROWNING



*Benoy Kumar Sarkar*

APPROACH not Robert Browning ye who want  
Success, tranquility, or peace of life;  
Solution of conflicts, and harmony  
Do not furnish themes of his plays, songs, and tales.

A deep plunge he took into vital sap  
To perceive, explain, convey life's own being;  
Life is but movement, unrest, revolution,—  
A story of fight and grand defeat.  
Man is not he who is content with success,  
He is man indeed who ever failure seeks;  
Daily to seize fresh future is his one care,  
To grasp the moon, up into the skies to fly.

Hair-splitting critic is Browning; he paints  
Eternal soul and finite body's strife;  
Heros, hermits, lovers, priests, scholars,—all  
Bear on flesh and blood endless yearning's marks.  
Wildly in the breast of men and women  
Surges the same Paracelsian work;  
"Immense am I, Immortal is myself,  
Brow I would, break I would, though bound in mud!"  
Life is not in any moment exhausted,  
In any nucleus, person, or race;  
To fail is the nature progressive man's  
New hopes live on through despair, doubt, death.

Teacher of efforts, of fruition careless,  
O thou world's greatest, best critic of life!  
Thine is the modern Greeta's gospel of hope  
And work for its own sake, O seer, energist bold!

## BROWNING THE GUIDE



*D. R. Partney*

WE see afar the height we'd gain  
Enshrouded in a misty veil,  
The way is steep, no path way plain,  
But jagged rocks our hopes assail.

We've seen the city and our souls  
Cry out to gain the glimmering height.  
We climb to slip and pause and fall  
As inch by inch we make the flight.

And when the path becomes obscured,  
We see no ledge on which to stand,  
The strong guide makes our faith assured,  
Hope strengthened by the steady hand.

He's climbed before and knows the way,  
He learned by years of patient toil;  
He fought the fight and gained the day  
And now with him we share the spoil.

What wonders when we reach the top!  
We pause to relish with our guide,  
Who smiling says, "We cannot stop  
There's too much on the other side."

## DREAMER OF DREAMS



*Elizabeth Clendenning Ring*

DREAMER of spacious days when men shall fling  
To earth their idols, reared by creeds outworn,  
Lilting thy note of hope on gold-tipped wing,  
To baffled watchers for a promised morn,  
Lift high for us, like chime of temple bell,  
Thy star-aspiring message! Let its spell,—

Like moon-glow soft on tumbled hills,  
Like laughter gay from sunlit rills  
Illume our skies where murky shadows dwell,  
Entoning 'mid the starry ways Olympian  
Some bold, symphonic phrase to shades Elysian,  
Thy voice brings balm to us who, songless,—wait.

Flute clear, behind the old grey wall,  
Still echoes Pippa's dreamlit call,  
And oft, when down a dust-bleak street,  
Her laughing song goes lilting, sweet,  
Men pause to ponder the strange dream,  
Awakened by her song serene.

Still Andrea mourns his tarnished dream,  
The dying Bishop plots and schemes,  
To lie in blissful ecstasy,  
'Neath matchless lapis lazuli.  
Still, down a haunted Roman street,  
Pompilia hastes, with bleeding feet,  
Swift to her tragic doom.

Sordello, moody, doubt-wrapped, as of yore,  
Still seeks fair Palma down the corridor  
Of dreams. Deep-throated, 'mid far-rolling spheres,  
Ben Ezra's voice drifts faintly to our ears.  
Musing, we hear, by Bethany's ancient gate,

Karshish, the Arab, until the hour grows late,  
Contend that sleep, not death, was Lazarus' fate.

Oft in his organ loft, at eventide,  
Some earth-worn, star-souled old musician  
Hears Volger's chords above the night wind ride,  
A ghostly pageantry of sounds patrician,  
That 'neath Italian moons still eerie glide

A wastrel world still haunts the paths of Night,  
Nor heeds the dazzling aureole of light  
Above the brow of Peace. Harassed, we need  
Thy lofty psalm, the splendor of thy creed,  
That out of evil portent, good shall rise,  
That 'mid the dark. Dawn kindles down the skies.

That Love, exalted, all persistent,  
Shall reign, though Hate may mock and scheme,  
That Righteousness, with note insistent,  
Shall quench Wrong's brutal, sordid theme,  
That Truth above the market place,  
Where Falsehood flaunts her shameless grace,  
Shall lift the glory of her face.

TO ROBERT BROWNING



*Dorothy Scarborough*

ENGLAND—Italy—Texas!—  
Three countries shrine your name;  
In this far land you never saw  
Now brightest shines your fame.

England gave your being birth,  
Italy was home;  
Do not your loving thoughts sometimes  
To Texas Baylor come?

L'ENVOI

*Weldon Stone*



FAREWELL to Browning, you say?  
Yes, when the sun sinks down  
To rise on never a day;  
And Love, Atlantis-like, is drowned;  
And Death fits a key to Beauty's door—  
Then, ah, then, but not before,  
You say, Farewell to Browning!

TO ROBERT BROWNING



*Marie Ada Molineux*

Poet, Comforter of souls art thou!  
When waves and winds are high and fierce  
And deep life's ship ploughs with uneven keel,  
Still steering with uplifted trusted brow  
    'Though through the muck stars scarce can pierce,  
The Helmsman, lonely, grasps yet firm the wheel.

For he remembers thy brave words of faith,  
    So fully figured forth in life  
When sorrow's heart-stab sharply rent thy peace  
Let blood-drops ever trickle slow in scarte,  
    That Heaven was above the strife  
And old loves there, to find with grief's surcease.



"BROWNING"



*Gatha Wood Taylor*

LIKE Betelgeus, that flamed afar  
With beauty harnessed, held in store  
Until an eye could find its place,  
Seeking undaunted, clouds in space,—  
So your, O, Robert Browning, walked  
In star-sown paths and flnng gems where  
The myriads groped; but oft they pass,  
And find them shining in the grass.

IN TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS



*Alfred Tennyson*

O my good friend  
Robert Browning,  
Whose genius and geniality  
Will best appreciate what is best,  
And make allowance for what may be worst,  
This volume  
Is  
Affectionately inscribed."

ON ROBERT BROWNING



*Mabelle Brown Webb*

MASTER of passion, sense and rugged harmony,  
Thine art is buried with thee! None evoke  
Like thee, the pure and perfect melody  
With artist stroke  
From tuneless instrument, but they,  
With lighter touch, in lighter fancy play.  
Bringer, of mystic lore, from Italy,  
Weaver of legends fair from sunny Spain,  
Builder of stately thymes, we find in thee  
Soul symphonies which none will sing again.

We'd rest upon the plane of thy high fantasy,  
And having known thee, know none else but thee.  
No dilettante thou! Thou layest bare  
Men's souls, and secret places findest; and then  
With art, the truth dost declare  
And gentle pity covers all again.  
Thine is the true physician's art—to find  
The malady, and benefit mankind.  
The beauties of thy thought, not lightly lie  
Upon the surface of thy lyric page.

Who seeks thy meaning understandingly  
Must every faculty of mind engage.  
Who fain would know thee, as thou wouldst be known  
Must have a mind en rapport with thine own.  
Who seeks the warmth of sunlight, turns him so  
That on him falls the full orb's slanting rays.  
Who seeks thy deeper recesses to know,  
Enters with thee, the labyrinthine ways.  
Daring to follow where thou ledest on,  
Daring the darkened pass thyself hast won.

Through metaphysic paths of light and shade,  
Through transcendental byways strange and lone,  
Following the quaint suggestiveness thou'st made  
So wholly, fascinatingly thine own.  
Thy "lyric love, half angel," it is said,  
Above all others, thee interpreted.  
Of "brains that ticked two centuries ago."  
Thou hast in mediaeval language told.  
Having wrought in metric moulding, lo  
Thy "Ring and Book" in pure and lustrous gold.  
A golden orb's thy soul's circumference.  
Embracing all that is, of sound and sense.

## THE WRITING DESK OF ROBERT BROWNING



*Calvin Dill Wilson*

AND this is where the master sat and penned  
The verse that brightens human life and adds  
To hope and strength. Above this desk there bent  
The giant brain in throes creative. Words  
Here rose as deathless visions that shall charm  
Our children's children to the end of time,  
Here through the thunder-clouds of thought there burst  
The sunshine of his faith, and here to truth  
Were wedded singing words that home themselves  
In hearts the stronger, braver for his toil.

## AFTER DEATH

*Roma Wilson*



PLACE of beauty, or Westminster by name,  
Whose stones resound to life of days gone by,  
Who pay respect alone to names of fame,  
And who disdain that common ones should lie  
Entombed with kings and queens, whose title high  
Award to them a vault in halls of state.  
With those who wore the crown must Browning lie?  
Poet of other lands, beloved by fate  
Yet claimed in death as England's son, the great  
But did he choose this tomb among the arts?  
O Florence, open now your city gate,  
Come claim your dead, unite the poet hearts.  
Then we can hear them whisper in a breath,  
"I shall but love thee better after death!"

IN OTHER LANDS



*J. Roby Ward*

WE speak today and praise your name,  
Because of wide estate  
Your work has reached,  
But ere we catalogue the list  
Our work is out of date.

We name the nations where you go,  
In language of their own,  
But soon we're wrong,  
For as we toll the number off,  
In other fields you're known.

'Twas twenty-six two years ago,  
'Tis thirty-two today,  
Ah, lucky lands,  
That of your matchless wisdom drink  
That to your music play.

Men are with wisdom thrice endowed,  
Who open doors for you  
To other tongues  
And thus enrich their language lore,  
As they could never do.

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